

Will my people come for me?
 Will my people save me?
 If they do come, what shall be the fee?
 There is nothing in the world for free
 I am afraid of the outcome you see
 I only want peace in my life
 Dying happily as no one's wife
 Not fighting anyone's fight
 Just sitting at home paying my bills
 Not living under anyone, only my will
 Never again listening about the days Kill.
 Are we ever going home?
 No news, no nothing, just fighting for the phone.
 Never a nice word, only an angry tone.
 After I'll never want to see this place again
 Not on the radio, not on the news this place I've been
 The only way I want to remember is the angel
 around my neck
 This is the way I'll never forget.
 Waiting for our release
 Waiting for our day of peace
 Will that day ever come,
 Leaving the place where I have come from?

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Will it ever be in the past?

I need to get where I am going and get there fast.

I miss my mother and my sister

Waiting for the day when I hug and kiss her.

Honestly, I am pretty sure we have simply been abandoned here. Many times the Americans come here to the camp but completely avoid me behind a military presence that will not let me approach. No one checks on me and the kids. We just sit here. My baby daughter almost starved to death before they brought some of My money to buy her milk. I took her to the camp office barely able to move and with no teeth to eat actual food. I cried and begged for help. Where were my American "friends" from the interview so many months before?

A quote from one of the FBI Agents keeps ringing in my head "No matter what's happened, you are still an American citizen." I wonder if those agents even think about us anymore, if we are people or just a job to be done?

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Political

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An arab political leader
 Never a liar or a cheater
 So strong and honorable
 Against all odds, sweet and lovable
 President Assad are these words really true?
 Do his reins really run blue?
 Is he really the lion he thinks he is?
 Let me give you the answer to this quiz.
 Yes he is a lion with crushing jaws
 Killing everyone that denies his cause
 This lion should be hunted and killed
 Syrian people with their blood have paid
 his bill.

Why are leaders of countries allowed to stay
 in power after unbelievable cruelty to their own
 people? Then, people are surprised why the locals
 support terrorist organizations. Same story all
 throughout history. When will we stop making
 the same mistakes all over again? I think a
 woman could never understand that need for
 absolute power that a man needs. We need
 more Hillarys and Angelas...

There is no reason to fear
 Your liberation is ever so near
 Keep your family very close
 Never your sins should you expose
 If your sins should be exposed
 Your life as you know it would be at a close
 Liberation is what you seek
 Protection for the sick weary and weak
 But as you know, God is the only protector
 This should be common knowledge for
 every elector.

Protection from men is never free
 There will always be someone to not let you be.
 You will keep paying with your money and
 your blood
 You will keep getting your face stomped in
 the mud.
 This is life in Arabian land
 There is only money, oil and blood in this
 sand.

I simply don't understand the violence in the middle east. The sad thing is most of it stems from "In the name of God". I simply don't understand why they think God is amused by this continual chess game.

Why can't people just be left alone?
For example, if someone doesn't want to be muslim, that is between that person and God. Why should everything be controlled from how you worship God to the way you want to dress?
Isn't all of that their own business? What is so hard about giving people their freedom?
What is the difference in the leaders of these countries and Abu Bakr Al Baghdadi? They should all be stopped, not just a select few who give us the pick of oil contracts.

In the U.S. we take things for granite.
If I want to wear a bikini on the beach no one looks at me a second time. Same if I wear a scarf in the grocery store. We are taught at an early age to mind your own damn business.

Of course the problems go much deeper than bikinis and churches.

In the U.S., if we don't like our ~~leader~~ leader and there is no good reason to impeach him, all we have to do is wait until his 4 year term is up. If he happens to win election again, that is his last term. Also, our president doesn't have so much power he is untouchable. He is reminded to keep his head out of the clouds by our congress. Such a simple way of doing things. Do the Arabs never look ~~at~~ at us and think, why are they so successful?

Sr Yes of course there are people who didn't like Clinton, Bush, Obama & Trump but we also know there is an end to their term. The people are also not afraid to stand up and voice their opinion but when was the last time the military opened fire live rounds into a protest?

Some things are better left unsaid

Forget about things, put them to bed.

I won't forget, in fact I will speak out.

Not just speak, but a loud shout.

We must protect the next generation from harm

The cat is out to play and minds are like yarn.

We must be strong and not so blind

A solution to this problem we must find

A solution sometimes ends in bloodshed

So many people end up dead

Why do so many make these choices?

Do they not hear the innocent voices?

Voices of the innocent gurgling with blood

When will our generation begin to bud?

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The sound of war's blast, a thing of
the past

Wouldn't it be great if everyone ate?

All bad-things just history, doesn't that
sound like a fiction story?

No one remembers a time of misery

Kindness multiplying like fish in a fishery

The sad thing is I can't even think of a
poem about good things

I know these good things are impossible
for human beings.

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Why do Arabs like so much the fight?
Do they really think God approves this
aristocratic might?

Why can't everyone get along?
Why can't invading armies stay where they
belong?

Doesn't any of them see that the killing
is so wrong?

Why aren't they happy where they are?
Why do ^{they} ~~not~~ always reach ^{their} ~~the~~ hand out
so far?

Their women are beautiful
And their money is beautiful
Can't any of them be happy for what has
been given them?

So much has been set before him
Why do they put so much out on a limb?
What happened to being civilized?
With civilization the Arab people revitalized.

Brown Black yellow or white

None of us should want to fight

Shouldn't we all deserve to sleep good
at night?

We shouldn't see nightmares of our past

There must be a solution, find one fast.

We all want to live in peace and quiet

Our children all having the same healthy
diet.

Some parts of the world are so rich
and full of peace

Other parts of the world that idea just
a tease.

What makes them better than us and us
better than them?

all our lives are special, more precious
than gems.

What is a terrorist?

Not someone who fights with just his fists.

And what about the suicide bombs?

Of this I am not to fond.

Does God really want this of us?

Making such a ruckus and a fuss.

Everyone should be free to live as we please.

Living a life quiet and of ease.

Everyone must have a choice

We must stand up and use our voice

God does not want us to kill his creations

Of this there should be no deviation

We are all children of him

Why do so many add the spin?

We are all creation of God

Why do so many find this odd.

Why is man's history full of mistakes?
We should be learning from these history
shaking quakes.

It seems no one will ever learn

If we keep on this path, mankind will burn.
God will destroy us, he will never keep us
alive.

We must change our murderous ways,
for peace we must strive.

He looks upon us and a tear does fall
S. "Why do my children not listen to my call"
Isn't God above us all?

Why so bad do we stamp our feet?

Needing to stamp out every heart beat
Our horrible drive doesn't come from God, murderous
ways are not our nature

Our future comes from our past, it's in
our culture.

A world of cultures wanting to kill
Every last drop of blood they feel
they must spill.

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My Life & Kids

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I think to my past, so many things
I would change.

If only time travel is something I
could arrange.

I wouldn't say a cross word, nothing
at all bad.

I would never leave a friend or family
member sad.

I can't believe I have so many regrets
I feel like lost everything placing
bad bets.

Even if my friends and family could
forgive me.

I'm not sure I could ever let it be
So much pain and hurt I've caused.

I didn't stop to think, not even a pause
My behavior should never fly.

This I could never deny.

How to get forgiveness from my father
and mother.

By myself this I must discover.

It brings me such joy to see my children
laugh and play.

My happiness begins and ends with them
each day.

Yes I admit, it's difficult and hard
Sometimes I feel like been dealt my
last card.

But my Kids are what make my heart tick
A different life I never would pick
I would only live a life with them
by my side

Hopefully in me they will confide.
I must work hard for them to see
They can always trust in me.

There are some things worth more
than money and gold

People may say "who would think something
so bold?"

Really think about it, what means so
much to you?

What is it for you that could make you
so happy or so blue.

Everyone keeps something so deep in
their heart

What makes you feel you've lived your
life from end to start?

I don't know how to deal with the guilt.
 Not many people have the life I have built.
 How could I have done this to my friends
 family and children?

I just want everything back the way
 it's been.

I beat myself up everyday
 Keeping suicidal thoughts at bay.
 What lies before me and how do I
 move forth?

Staying alive, what is it worth?
 I've missed out so much on life
 Being the best at being a wife.
 My story is not a success.
 I hate who I've become, this I confess.

I have touched the highest mountain
of guilt.

I have swam in the deepest ocean of
filth.

I don't want to feel sorry for myself
I have tried to put things behind me,
up on a shelf.

It's probably not normal to be so strong.
In the eyes of my kids, I'm sure I'm
doing wrong.

I'm sure when I get home, I will
break in half.

I'm not sure in my mind there will
be room to laugh.

I must come down from touching
that stone.

I'm sure I'll need to spend some
time alone.

Why is all my poetry so harsh
and rotten?

Shouldn't it be cute and soft like a
bunny or cotton?

My words come from what's inside
Unfortunately ~~and~~ what comes out is all
that arrives.

But honestly I really am soft and
gentle.

What comes out on paper is from my
heart, not just mental.

Will there ever be a day I can show
my soft side again?

A big bump in the road the last 8 years
has been.

Really, I don't want to be soft or close
to anyone.

Heartache and treachery, how is that
any fun?

I need to love and take care of myself.

I will be cured one day with a little help.